

## "WHY DOESN'T PAPA COME?" ASK TWO DESERTED KIDDIES

Children's Society Fears Parents of Boys Left in Store May Have Killed Selves.

WORK AWAITS FATHER.

"Boomboomdo!" Thunders Little Jimmie, Meaning "Wanna Go Out an' Play."

Richard Hoffer, five years old, who, with his brother, James, aged three, was abandoned by their parents in the vestibule of Gimbel's store, Friday evening, because they were "down to their last cent," pucker up his mouth in the rooms of the Children's Society, to-day, and then, as tears coursed down his cheeks, plaintively asked:

"Why 'ont' papa come?" "Papa has gone away to find work so he can start his home again with you and Jimmie," replied Miss A. Pencheon, manager of the Children's Department. "Now, you must be a nice boy or they won't let you be a policeman."

"I don't want to be a policeman any more," replied Richard. "I want my mamma and papa. I want to take Jimmie and go on back home. There's lots of nice children to play with here, but I ain't like bein' home with papa and mamma."

A few moments afterward, however, he and Jimmie were playing in the kindergarten with other children of their age and were shouting lustily. For the moment the great shadow in their life had been forgotten.

Ernest K. Coulter, superintendent of the society, said he was able to draw only two conclusions from the failure of the parents to call and claim Richard and Jimmie.

"One is that they have left the city and have not seen the articles printed, saying they would receive plenty of help," he said. "Another is that they have harmed themselves. I am sure the announcement in The Evening World, Saturday, that they would get help by communicating with that paper would have been a tremendous incentive for them to come forward. Besides that, the society has been besieged by wealthy persons who are anxious either to adopt Richard and Jimmie, or to have them put in a school where they can be well-reared and educated."

"I want to say emphatically that if the parents will come forward they will not be prosecuted by this society. Instead, they will receive great help. They will be able to open their little home again and to take their children back, and begin a new epoch in their lives, with work for the father and plenty of food and comfort for all."

Miss Pencheon tried again to-day to learn something definite from Richard regarding his home.

"I live downtown," the boy said. "That's all I can tell. My papa is a nice, big man. His hair is black. He always treated me and Jimmie nice. Why don't he come get us?"

During this time little Jimmie was sitting in a chair, gazing solemnly at the rain pattering against a window. "Boomboomdo!" he suddenly exclaimed—or words to that effect.

"What is it, Jimmie?" asked Miss Pencheon. The child repeated his explanation and Richard proceeded to translate it.

"He says he wants to go out and play. That's what he said at home, and when he said it mamma used to take him out in the park. He don't like bein' inside much, Jimmie don't. Do you, Jimmie?"

"Boomboomdo!" thundered Jimmie.

**SLEEPLESS, TAKES POISON.**

Savior Feared He Would Break Down Before Marriage.

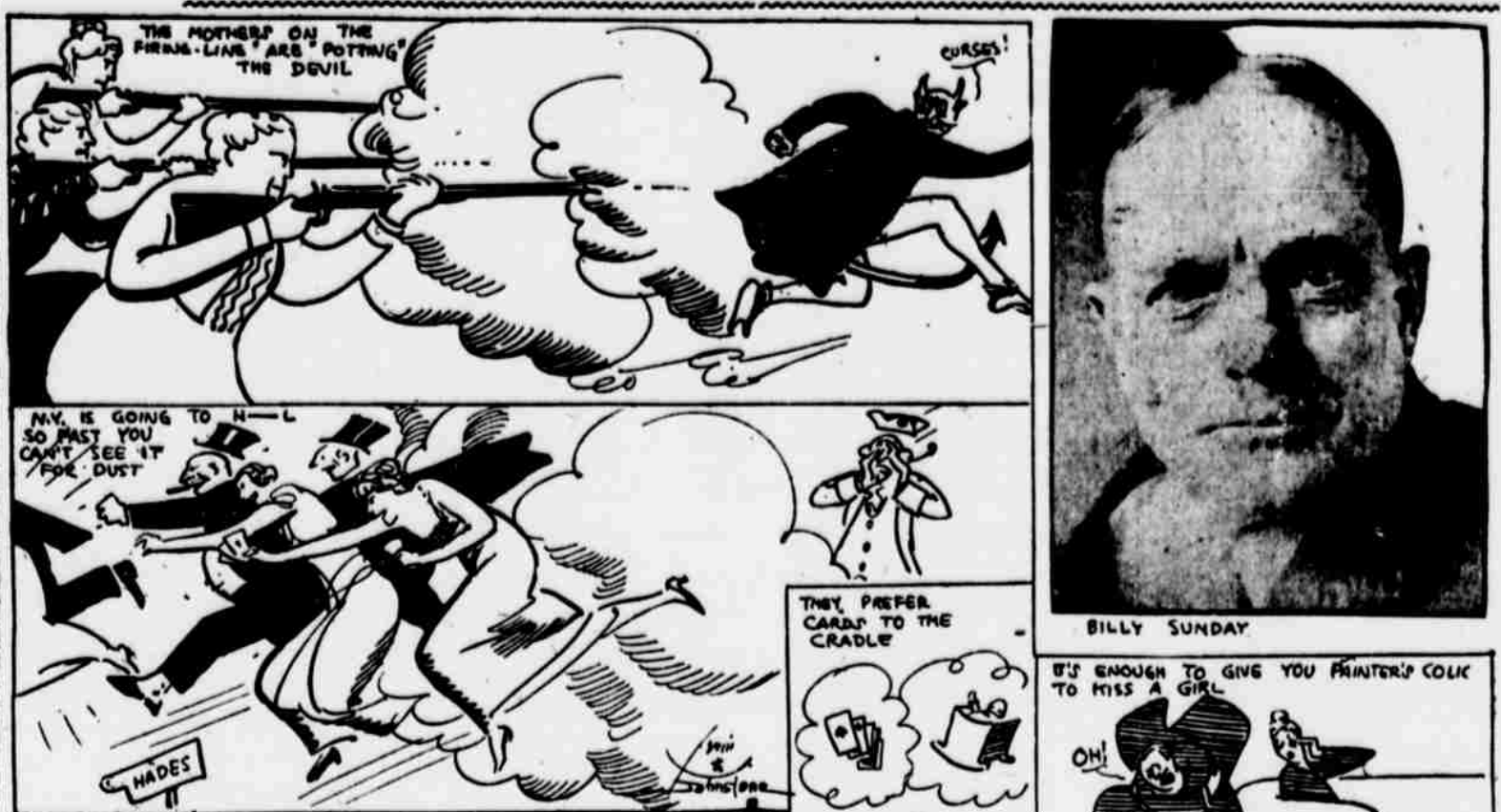
Samuel Franklin, thirty-two years old, a photographer, living at No. 264 Broome street, was taken to Gouverneur Hospital at 6 A. M. to-day, charged with attempting suicide by taking a large quantity of bichloride of mercury. His brother Joseph, who came from Yonkers last night to visit him, found him.

Samuel, according to his brother, is engaged to marry Miss Rose Zuckerman of No. 210 Division Avenue, Brooklyn, next month, and has suffered so for six months from insomnia he feared his health would break down before the date of the ceremony. This is the only reason known for his taking the poison.

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## Interviewed in Bed, Billy Sunday Says: "New York City Is Going to Hell So Fast That You Cannot See It for the Dust"



"Some of the Grandest, Noblest Women the World Ever Saw Are Alive and at Work To-Day, Even in New York."

"Women's Clubs Have Given Women a Million Chances for Usefulness Where They Had One Before."

"The Mere Society Woman is the Most Useless Being on the Face of the Earth."

"With Slit Skirts and Slit Waists Women Act Like They Were Trying to Imitate the Daughter of Herod."

"All Dancing Comes From the Devil and Is Responsible for at Least Three-fourths of the Immorality of Women."

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 17. His small, sleepy son cuddled in the circle of a pajama-clad arm, his eyes turning constantly toward "ma's" brown ones; that smiled back at him despite their daze of weariness, the tall, fragile, grown-up daughter looking on affectionately from her post at the foot of the bed where he lay, pillow-propped, the Rev. Billy Sunday talked to me to-night, in his temporary home at No. 1914 Spring Garden Street, of what American women and American homes may mean for good or for evil.

It wasn't a domestic interior arranged for my special benefit, since I called quite unexpectedly after the evening meeting. But the homely, intimate little scene gave me a more sympathetic impression of the greatest attraction on the religious circuit than I could have obtained at the most successful of the Tabernacle Savings. Getting converted in public has always seemed to me like getting kissed in the park—perfectly all right if you're that sort of person, shudderingly distasteful if you're not. And I'm not. So, without casting any doubt at Mr. Sunday's sincerity on the platform, I prefer seeing that sincerity at home.

During a quiet talk with the man one has glimpses of that iron base of conviction from which the fountain of rainbow oratory springs. As I studied the hard-bitten face there flashed into my mind Martin Luther's grandly simple confession of faith: "Here I stand; I can no otherwise." Something of that same inevitable conviction must have upheld the fastest base runner the National League ever had when he proudly and publicly announced twenty-five years ago that he was "playing on God's team."

"What's the matter with modern women?" I put it to him squarely. Under half-closed lids the keen, blue glance travelled to meet mine. In the high-pitched, curiously harsh voice that has moved its thousands, Billy Sunday spoke. "I've got no kick against lots of 'em," he said.

"Some of the grandest, noblest women the world ever saw are alive and at work to-day. They make you think that the rib he lost was the choicest little corner lot in Adam's whole body. They're way up front on the firing line against the devil, and they pot-shot him every time he shows his head. They've got God in their hearts, and it's mighty lucky for the rest of us that they have! I believe if the motherhood of this country were no better than the manhood God would dump the whole thing in hell and quick stop it."

"Even in New York, that's going to hell so fast you can't see it for the dust, there are good, fine Christian women that go down on their knees every night in the good homes they've made and pray God to get after their city before it's too late. He can do it, you know. He can get it dead to rights—rotting, corroding, corrupt, devil-driven town that it is. He can move it, and HOW HE will move it! Meanwhile the good New York women are right on the job, living their lives for Christ and helping the bodies and souls they can reach."

Then Billy Sunday paid an interesting tribute: "The women's clubs have given women a million chances for usefulness where they had one before. Through their club work the women have learned to take an interest in all sorts of civic campaigns, all sorts of movements for the welfare of children and of other women. Christian women who go in for this sort of work have no chance to shut their religion up in the top bureau drawer and forget it. They need it in their business. They have live-wired souls. And of what use to God is a dead one?"

Just then the smallest Sunday gave a sleepy whimper. His head was not more than two feet away from the earnest stream of oratory. His big sister picked him up and passed him over to "ma" on the couch nearby. "Pa!" looked quickly around, to see that the manoeuvre was accomplished in safety, and I seized my chance to insert a question. "You don't think much of society women?" I asked.

"The mere society woman—the MERE society woman," repeated Sunday with emphasis—"is the most useless being on the face of the earth. She has no occasion to use brains. All she thinks her body is for is to be a fashionable frame on which to hang fashionable garments, and a di-

"I SHOULD WORRY" IS HER ATTITUDE TOWARD RELIGION

THIS MAKES BILLY SUNDAY SICK



gestive apparatus with which to gormandize upon all the viands that a rich husband gives. Her daughter runs to dancing and embroidery and painting her face. If you kissed her you'd die of painter's colic.

"About women of the smart set, who are merely that, little can be said in justification. They are silly, frivolous, extravagant. They have thrown to the winds all modesty, prudence, religion and the virtues that are so attractive in women, and have allowed themselves to be flattered, cajoled and bamboozled by a lot of jilted jays with cracked characters. They turn their homes into third-rate gambling dens and booze joints."

"I meant what I said in the Tabernacle the other day: There are women here who, if they should die to-night, would not need a funeral sermon. Get them to their homes, put them in coffins, put their jewels and clothes on the coffin. That is the story of their life. That is all they live for."

"We're always hearing about poor girls who go wrong and sell themselves to the devil and tempt men into sin. If you believe what some folks say you'd think it was only filth that filled the joints and wrecked the homes and lured away mothers' darlings. As a matter of fact, some of the most dangerous women, some of the most unprincipled sinners, are to be found among the daughters of the rich, women who prefer cards to cradles, who will lie for money, steal for money, and murder for money."

"And of course you don't approve of modern fashions and modern dances?" I suggested. "The steel-blue eyes opened widely; a wrathful spark glinted in each. "The way in which a lot of women are permitted to dress to-day throws the spinners and weavers of our degeneracy!" he exclaimed.

"What with slit skirts and slit waists and transparencies and the rest, women act like they were trying to imitate the daughter of that old souse, Herod, who didn't wear clothes enough to make leggings for a humming bird. The dance craze is another thing I'd like to rip from hell to breakfast and back again. All dancing comes from the devil and it's responsible for at least three-fourths of the immorality of women."

"There's another class of daffy women chasing after all sorts of fool religions that will lead nowhere except to hell. They are culture mad. They accept even 'ism' and 'ology' that will get them away from God. A woman of this sort would yell at a man if he shed a bootjack at a night-prowling cat that was making an unholy racket, because she would fear that the spirit of a daughter who once took music lessons was embodied in it."

"Trying to peep into the future is the silly fad of other women. The foretellers of the end of the world are a lot of false alarms, four-flushers and common liars—not that their dupes are bothered by a few tall ones. You know the story of the man who asked the little boy how old he was. 'Six at school, five at home and four on the cars,' was the reply. Who taught the kid to lie? That old liar he calls his mother."

And then Billy Sunday's eyes softened as he turned them in the direction of the untiring capable and affectionate woman who has worked with him for so many years.

"The true Christian woman who is her husband's companion and helper and her children's loving, conscientious mother—she's about the best," he said simply. "Of course I believe in women's rights. There's been enough of women's wrongs—it makes me sick to see some weasel-eyed, whiskey-soaked degenerate depositing a ballot and keeping clean women away. His only claims to a vote are his whiskers."

## OSBORN OFF TO GET BODY OF WIFE, WHO LEAPED FROM YACHT

Brooklyn Tea Tester Given First Details of Florida Tragedy by World.

Herbert Osborn, a Government tea tester of No. 198 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, whose wife, May Barnett Osborn, committed suicide yesterday by jumping from the deck of their houseboat at Miami, Fla., left for the South to-day to take charge of the body.

The first details he had of her death were those furnished him by an Evening World reporter. The only notification he had received was a telegram from the Captain of the yacht La Vedette, on which he and Mrs. Osborn left New York last fall. Mrs. Osborn had been ill with a complication of diseases for several months.

Mr. Osborn left Miami for New York on Friday and instructed the servants on the yacht to watch Mrs. Osborn closely. He said to-day that while it is possible that his wife may have jumped overboard during a fit of melancholy, he thought it more likely that she had fainted while trying to get fresh air on the deck.

Her bathrobe and slippers were found outside her cabin door.

AN IMPORTANT CORRECTION. (From the Waldron (Ga.) Advance Reporter.) We feel that we are due Mrs. Steve Smith of Park something in the way of an apology. In last week's paper we noted the accident of his pitching out

of his wagon into Fourche River head downward. This was a mistake. It was Rose Creek instead of Fourche. We regret this error, as we are informed that Steve is a mighty good man, also handy about doing around the house, bringing in wood, water, &c.



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